



HYMNS

BY C.F.

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# H Y M N S .

BY  
C. F.



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MDCCCLVIII.



TO  
MY BELOVED NIECE,  
GERTRUDE,  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS  
MOST AFFECTIONATELY  
INSCRIBED.



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## H Y M N S .

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“HIMSELF HATH DONE IT.”

ISAIAH XXXVIII. 15.

“HIMSELF hath done it” all.—O how those words  
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought !  
Himself hath done it—He who loves me best,  
He who my soul with His own blood hath bought.

“Himself hath done it.”—Can it then be aught  
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love ?  
Not *one* unneeded sorrow will He send,  
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

“Himself hath done it.”—Yes, although severe  
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,  
'Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know  
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

“Himself hath done it.”—O, no arm but His  
Could e'er sustain beneath earth's dreary lot ;  
But while I know He's doing all things well,  
My heart His loving-kindness questions not.

“Himself hath done it.”—He who’s search’d me through,  
 Sees how I cleave to earth’s ensnaring ties;  
 And so He breaks each reed on which my soul  
 Too much for happiness and joy relies.

“Himself hath done it.”—He would have me see  
 What broken cisterns human friends *must* prove;  
 That I may turn and quench my burning thirst  
 At His own fount of *ever-living* love.

“Himself hath done it.”—Then I fain would say,  
 “Thy will in all things evermore be done;”  
 E’en though that will remove whom best I love,  
 While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.

“Himself hath done it,”—precious, precious words;  
 “Himself,” my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend;  
 Whose faithfulness no variation knows;  
 Who, having loved me, loves me *to the end*.

And when, in His eternal presence blest,  
 I at His feet my crown immortal cast,  
 I’ll gladly own, with all His ransomed saints,  
 “Himself hath done it”—all, from first to last.





“LEAD ME, O LORD.”

PSALM V. 8.

LEAD on, O Lord, and I will follow Thee,  
 E'en though the path a rugged one may be,  
     Still I will onward press,  
 While thine Almighty arms my steps uphold,  
 Or in their safe embrace my soul enfold,  
     To cherish, keep, and bless.

Darkly the cloud of woe may rise on high,  
 Yet in its gloom by faith I still descry  
     The rainbow of Thy love,  
 Bidding me cast aside each anxious fear,  
 And quickly dry the rising, bursting tear,—  
     All will be well above.

These clouds of sorrow which obscure my way,  
 Will soon give place to cloudless, endless day,  
     In that bright world of joy,  
 Where holiness and peace for ever dwell,  
 And the triumphant song of praise to swell,  
     Shall be my glad employ.

Then lead me on—that heritage so bright,  
 Is worth a weary march, an arduous fight—  
     O lead me, lead me on,—  
 A little while, and then the strife will cease,  
 And I shall rest in everlasting peace,  
     My crown of victory won.

— “WHILE WE LOOK NOT AT THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN, BUT AT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN.”—2 COR. IV. 18.

Look up, my soul, and see the light that shines  
So brightly in this dark, o’ershadowing cloud ;  
Fix on its rays thy tearful, downcast eyes,  
Until its beams revive thy spirit bow’d  
Beneath the sorrows which surround thy way,  
And on thy burden’d heart too deeply prey.

Look up, my soul—this earth *is* dark and drear,  
Thou wilt in vain seek here a place of rest,  
This is thy field of warfare and of toil,  
And rest remains within those mansions blest,  
Prepared for those who shall the victory win  
O’er foes without, and subtler foes within.

Look up, my soul—and see those myriads bright,  
Now clothed in raiment white as driven snow,  
And then remember whence they thither came,  
What suffering paths they trod while here below.  
Would’st thou their everlasting pleasures share ?  
Then shrink not thine appointed cross to bear.

Look up, my soul—behold thy Saviour now,  
Seated upon His heavenly Father’s throne,  
And then remember what His soul endured,  
When He for thee the wine press trod alone.  
“Consider Him,” and all He bore for thee,  
And thou no more can’st unsubmitive be.

"THE LORD IS THE PORTION OF MINE INHERITANCE AND OF MY CUP; THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT. THE LINES ARE FALLEN UNTO ME IN PLEASANT PLACES: YEA, I HAVE A GOODLY HERITAGE."—PSALM XVI. 5, 6.

OH! what a happy lot is mine,  
 Since God my portion is!  
 How bless'd am I, whate'er befall,  
 Since He has made me His!

Here in the gloomiest, darkest hour,  
 Is cause for ceaseless joy;  
 Well may my heart enraptur'd sing,  
 And praise my tongue employ!

By Him my cup is daily fill'd,  
 With mercies rich and free;  
 Whate'er I want in Him I find,  
 He's all in all to me.

He watches o'er me day by day,  
 In Him I rest each night;  
 And soft and sweet's the sleep He gives  
 Until the morning light.

Or if He bids my sleep depart,  
 'Tis but to let me hear,  
 While all around is still and calm,  
 His voice, like music clear,

Inviting my poor weary soul  
 To find upon His breast,  
 Repose more tranquillizing e'en  
 Than nature's sweetest rest.

Upon His arm of faithful love,  
 My soul doth lean each hour ;  
 His hand upholds me lest I fall,  
 He shields me by His power.

His word of covenant truth is pledg'd  
 To keep me to the end,  
 And through eternity He'll be  
 My never-failing Friend.

---

## PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O HOLY SPIRIT ! now descend on me  
 As showers of rain upon a thirsty ground ;  
 Cause me to flourish as a spreading tree,  
 May all Thy precious fruits in me be found.

Be Thou my "Teacher"—to my soul reveal  
 The length, breadth, depth, and height of Jesus' love,  
 And on my soul Thy blest instructions seal,  
 Raising my thoughts and heart to things above.

Be Thou my "Comforter"—when I'm distress'd  
 O gently soothe my sorrows, calm my grief,  
 Help me to find upon my Saviour's breast,  
 In every hour of trial, sure relief.

Be Thou my "Guide" into "all truth" divine,  
 Give me increasing knowledge of my God;  
 Shew me the glories that in Jesus shine,  
 And make my heart the place of His abode.

Be Thou my "Intercessor"—teach me how  
 To pray according to God's holy will;  
 Cause me with deep and strong desire to glow,  
 And my whole soul with heavenly longings fill.

Be Thou my "Earnest" of eternal rest,  
 And "witness" with me I am God's own child,  
 With His unchanging love and favour blest,  
 By Jesus' merits fully reconciled.

Be Thou my "Sanctifier"—dwell within,  
 And purify and cleanse my every thought,  
 Subdue the power of each besetting sin,  
 And be my will to sweet submission brought.

Be Thou my "Quickener"—in me revive  
 Each drooping grace, so prone to fade and die;  
 Help me on Jesus day by day to live,  
 And loosen more and more each earthly tie.

Blest Spirit ! I would yield myself to Thee,  
 Do for me more than I can ask or think ;  
 Let me Thy holy habitation be,  
 And daily deeper from Thy fulness drink.

---

#### ANOTHER PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O HOLY Spirit ! Comforter Divine !  
 On me descend ;  
 Into my soul with heavenly radiance shine,  
 And condescend  
 To make this heart of mine a fit abode  
 For the indwelling presence of my God—  
 Oh ! quicken me to run  
 With holy patience my appointed race,  
 Until at last, thro' Thine Almighty grace,  
 My crown of glory's won.  
 Fill Thou my soul with light, and life, and love,  
 And gently draw my every thought above ;  
 Make me to grow in knowledge of Thy Word,  
 And daily closer likeness to the Lord.

---

SABBATH HYMN FOR ONE CONFINED TO  
THE HOUSE BY SICKNESS.

ANOTHER bright and blessed day  
Of Sabbath rest returns ;  
To spend it all in praising God  
My heart within me burns ;  
Lord ! grant me now a foretaste blest  
Of Thine eternal, heavenly rest !

Though on a bed of sickness laid,  
Thy mercies close me round ;  
E'en here a " Bethel " I may find !  
E'en here is Holy Ground !  
For Thou the Sanctuary art  
Of every truly contrite heart.

Then grant *me*, Lord, that lowly mind,  
Where Thou dost deign to dwell ;  
Fill me with penitence and love,  
Each thought of murmuring quell ;  
And make my soul a temple fair,  
Whence rise to Thee both praise and prayer.

Shine on Thy sacred Word this day,  
Unveil my heart to see  
It's hidden beauties, and reflect  
Thine image, Lord, on me ;  
Draw near and grant me at Thy feet,  
To hold with Thee communion sweet.



Keep me from idle converse, Lord,  
 And let my single aim  
 Be in each thought, and word, and deed,  
 To glorify Thy name ;  
 And may I, Lord, a blessing be,  
 To all whom I this day may see.

If pain and weariness distress,  
 And languor weigh me down,  
 Cheer me with thoughts of coming rest,  
 Of joy in sorrow sown ;  
 And let me in that love repose,  
 Which bore for me far deeper woes.

Thus bless me, Lord, each Sabbath day,  
 From morn till latest eve,  
 Till called by Thy voice I rise,  
 Rejoic'd this world to leave,  
 And enter on that Sabbath blest  
 Of ceaseless praise and endless rest !

---

THE FOLLOWING VERSES, SUBSTITUTED FOR THE 2ND, 3RD,  
 AND 6TH VERSES OF THE PRECEDING HYMN, WILL ADAPT IT  
 TO THE USE OF A PERSON IN HEALTH.

LET earthly thoughts and earthly cares,  
 Be banish'd far away,  
 And fill my heart with heavenly peace  
 Throughout this holy day ;  
 May love divine in me abound,  
 And shed its influence all around.



With joyful feet may I attend  
 The place of Thine abode,  
 There may I find the "Gate of Heaven,"  
 And there the "House of God;"  
 O may Thy Gospel reach my heart,  
 And light and holiness impart.

Nor let me, Lord, *alone* enjoy  
 The blessings of Thy grace;  
 But may I others strive to lead  
 With me to seek Thy face;  
 Help me to show to all around,  
 The joy that in Thy ways is found.

---

## ON THE NAMES OF JEHOVAH.

"JEHOVAH ELOHIM!" Creator Great,  
 Who art with every glorious attribute array'd;  
 To Thee by heaven and earth and all therein,  
 Be everlasting praise and worship paid!  
 GEN. II. 4.

"JEHOVAH JIREH!"—who our ruin saw,  
 And as a ransom did Thyself provide;  
 As guilty sinners we would fly to Thee,  
 And in Thy bosom from Thine anger hide.  
 GEN. XXII. 14.

“JEHOVAH ROPHI!”—sick, diseased with sin,  
 We come to Thee who canst our sickness heal;  
 O touch and cleanse each plague-spot of our souls,  
 And grant us life and strength within to feel.

EXOD. xv. 26.

“JEHOVAH NISSI!”—in the midst of foes,  
 The glorious banner of Thy love unfurl’d  
 Waves o’er our heads—yea, *Thou* our Banner art,  
 By faith in whom we overcome the world.

EXOD. xvii. 15.

“JEHOVAH SHALOM!”—Thou who art “our Peace,”  
 O whisper calm to every troubled heart;  
 Say to the raging waters, “Peace, be still!”  
 And make each unbelieving fear depart.

JUDGES vi. 24.

“JEHOVAH TZIDKENU!”—we love that name,  
 Which bids us know, while pard’ning, Thou art just,  
 “The Lord our Righteousness” shall be our song,  
 “The Lord our Righteousness” our only trust.

JER. xxiii. 6.

“JEHOVAH SHAMMAH!” soon, oh, soon descend,  
 And make this earth again Thy blest abode,  
 Bid sin and sorrow cease, and come and reign,  
 Our ever gracious, ever-present God.

EZEK. xlviii. 35.

“ONE IN CHRIST.”

NAY, be not so cast down, as though  
 We bid farewell for ever,  
 The sacred bond which knits our souls,  
 Not death itself can sever ;  
 It may remove a little while  
 Us from each other's sight,  
 But cannot break those links which still  
 Our souls in Christ unite.

A while on earth may one be left,  
 To tread his pilgrim way ;  
 More lonely now and desolate,  
 But nearing Home each day ;  
 While one is call'd to serve above  
 Our common Lord and Friend,  
 Yet o'er us both His tender care  
 Will equally extend.

One in the outer courts may stand,  
 And one within the veil,  
 But both in God's own temple serve,  
 Where He Himself doth dwell ;  
 Nor long shall we thus parted be,  
 For Jesus comes again ;  
 Then we shall meet, all sorrows past,  
 And ever with Him reign.

## ECCLESIASTES IX. 10.

WHATE'ER thy hand shall find to do,  
 Do it with all thy might;  
 For soon the evening shades will fall,  
 Soon, soon will come the night.

Defer not till to-morrow's sun,  
 What should be done to-day;  
 For e'er that morrow's sun shall rise,  
 Thou may'st be call'd away.

Or if thy life be spar'd, new claims  
 May all that time demand,  
 Which for to-day's neglected calls  
 Thou had'st so vainly plann'd.

Then work while yet 'tis called day,  
 Soon, all thy labours o'er,  
 Thou shalt within thy Father's house,  
 Repose for evermore.

## BE THOU OUR\* ARM EVERY MORNING.

ISAIAH XXXIII. 2.

God of mercy and compassion,  
 All my trust is placed in Thee,  
 Be Thou now my strong salvation,  
 Let me cast myself on Thee;  
 Every morning  
 My sure arm of refuge be.

\* LOWTH.

When with sorrow faint and weary,  
 And discouraged by the way,  
 When my path seems long and dreary,  
 Then Thy faithful love display ;  
     Blessed Jesus !  
 Let Thine arm still be my stay.

When the hour of death is nearing,  
 Stand beside my dying bed ;  
 Let me calmly and unfearing  
     Thro' the solemn valley tread ;  
     Be Thou near me,  
 Place Thine arm beneath my head.

And when in Thy presence glorious,  
 Of eternal peace posscest,  
 Thro' Thy mighty grace victorious,  
 In Thy likeness fully blest,  
     Then for ever,  
 In Thine arms of love I'll rest.



“A SOLITARY WAY”—*THE RIGHT WAY.*

“THEY WANDERED IN THE WILDERNESS IN A SOLITARY WAY ;  
THEY FOUND NO CITY TO DWELL IN. HE LED THEM FORTH BY  
THE RIGHT WAY, THAT THEY MIGHT GO TO A CITY OF HABITA-  
TION.”—PSALM CVII. 4, 7.

THEY wandered in the wilderness, a land of pits and  
drought,  
Where shelter from the burning sun might all in vain be  
sought ;  
On every side around them lay, a desert wide and drear,  
And Israel's hosts, thro' unbelief, were ready to despair.

And yet no cause for fear had they, for God did lead  
them forth,  
He gave them water for their thirst, and fed their souls  
in dearth,  
His cloudy pillar guided them, and shaded them by day,  
And in the night His light of fire, still pointed out the  
way.

It was a “solitary” way—for no man dwelt therein,  
In vain the eye was cast around, no friendly face was  
seen ;  
They wander'd on, alone with God, thro' all that desert  
wide,  
All human intercourse debarr'd, all human help denied.

And yet it was "the right way" still, altho' so sad and  
 lone,  
 Each toilsome march, by day or night, to God was fully  
 known,  
 Nay, *He Himself* did go before, as their unerring Guide,  
 To "search them out a resting-place," and from each  
 danger hide.

As pilgrims and as sojourners, they pitch'd their nightly  
 tent,  
 And onward still at God's command their weary foot-  
 steps bent,  
 For in that howling wilderness no city might be found,  
 Whence from their quiet, happy homes God's praises  
 might resound.

Yet God had purposes of love, beyond their highest  
 thought,  
 When thus thro' those untrodden paths, His chosen ones  
 He brought;  
 He led them to a glorious land, where they might rest  
 in peace,  
 "A city" He "prepared" for them, where all their  
 toils might cease.

May not their history, child of God! some cheering  
 thoughts suggest?  
 For we, like them, are wanderers, this world is not our  
 rest;  
 And oft thro' "solitary" paths, our Heavenward journey  
 lies,  
 No certain dwelling-place we find, no *home* beneath the  
 skies.



But sweet it is to know that He, who Israel's journey-  
 ings led,  
 Doth order all our steps aright, and gives us daily bread ;  
 Nor will He ever cease to guide our feet with watchful  
 love,  
 Until we reach the promis'd land, Jerusalem above.

Then from that holy, bless'd abode, we'll cast a backward  
 gaze,  
 On all the way by which we trod, and own with thank-  
 ful praise,  
 That all that *now* looks dark and sad, was order'd for the  
 best,  
 To fit us for our Father's Home, our everlasting Rest.

---

“BECAUSE THOU HAST BEEN MY HELP, THERE-  
 FORE IN THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS WILL I  
 REJOICE.”—PSALM LXIII. 7.

YES ! I will trust Thee, O my God,  
 For all my future way ;  
 For Thou in trial's fearful hour,  
 Hast been my help and stay ;  
 And well I know that Thou wilt still  
 My changeless Guardian prove,  
 For Thou art “ faithful ” evermore,  
 And Thou art always “ love.”



Tho' I am blind, and cannot see  
 Whither my path will lead,  
 Whether through rough and rugged ways,  
 Or thro' a quiet mead,  
 I know it is *Thy* hand which guides,  
 And cannot guide amiss ;  
 I know altho' the way be rough,  
 The end is perfect bliss.

And so I yield me to Thy care,  
 E'en as a little child,  
 Assured that Thou wilt lead me right,  
 All thro' this desert wild ;  
 And when with suff'ring, or with toil,  
 I'm weary and opprest,  
 Thou then wilt gently "gather me,"  
 And fold me to Thy breast.

And soon Thy voice of tender love,  
 Will break upon my ear,  
 Bidding me cease my wanderings,  
 And in Thy courts appear ;  
 Then I no more shall need to trust,  
 A love I cannot trace ;  
 For I shall there unveil'd behold,  
 Thy rich, and matchless grace.

---

## HOME REACHED.\*

It is no longer "*Going Home*,"  
 For home is reach'd at last;  
 The weary wilderness, thank God!  
 Is now for ever past!  
 I've bid the world a glad farewell,  
 I've done with suffering now,  
 And never more one passing grief  
 Shall shade my peaceful brow.

I've reach'd at length my native land,  
 Th' abode which best I love;  
 Clad in my Saviour's spotless robe,  
 I've join'd the hosts above:  
 But, oh! no mortal tongue may tell  
 The glories of this place,  
 Where every ransom'd child beholds  
 His loving Father's face.

I've reach'd my home! that home so dear  
 To every pilgrim's heart,  
 And never shall my feet again  
 From its glad walls depart.  
 I've join'd that blessed band above,  
 Of brethren, kindred dear;  
 But better far, *my Lord* I see,  
 And His lov'd voice I hear.

\* The above hymn was written as a response to one entitled "GOING HOME," which will be found at the end of this little volume.

My Saviour's glory I behold,  
 And on His bosom rest,  
 And joy to know that I am now  
 Of endless bliss possess.  
 The hope that cheer'd my soul erewhile  
 Is now exchanged for sight,  
 The clouds and dreary gloom of earth  
 For "everlasting light."

I've reach'd my home! my happy home!  
 So holy and so pure!  
 And, blessed thought! I know it shall  
 Eternally endure.  
 For, those whom Jesus died to save,  
 He ever lives to bless,  
 Those mansions which His love prepares,  
 His children shall possess.

---

"O LORD! MAKE NO TARRYING."

O WHEN will that glorious morning appear,  
 Which shall ne'er be obscured by a cloud,  
 When the gloom and the darkness shall all pass away,  
 Which now earth's fair regions enshroud?

O when will the Sun in His glory arise,  
 And shine in His splendour for ever?  
 O when will each trace of the curse be removed,  
 And deface this glad world again never?

O when will the King in His beauty come forth,  
 And awaken His children to sing?  
 When they in His likeness shall sparkle like dew  
 O'er which sunbeams their radiance fling?

O when shall the wail of the mourner be hushed,  
 The cry of the sufferer cease?  
 O when shall commotion, and turmoil, and strife,  
 Be exchange'd for a kingdom of peace?

O when shall temptation no longer assail?  
 When shall sin be for ever expell'd?  
 When shall sorrow be chang'd for the garments of joy?  
 And each heart's deepest longing be still'd?

Wait—wait “yet a little”—the day draweth near,  
 Each hour speeds that morning so bright,  
 When all we have pray'd for, and wish'd for below,  
 Shall be ours in the mansions of light.

---

“COME, FOR ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY.”

LUKE XIV. 17.

“ALL things are ready”—Hark! the cry  
 Goes forth o'er land and sea,  
 And the door of mercy stands open wide  
 For all who may needy be.

“ All things are ready ”—Christ has died,  
 Redemption’s work is done,  
 And Jesus has risen from the dead,  
 And a glorious triumph won.

“ All things are ready ”—Now on high  
 Jesus for sinners stands,  
 And the names of His own are grav’n deep  
 As a signet on His hands.

“ All things are ready ”—Ask and have,  
 No price will He receive,  
 God’s treasure house is never closed  
 To those who His love believe.

“ All things are ready ”—Why, oh, why  
 Pass by the open door?  
 Too late you may seek to enter in,  
 Too late your folly deplore.

“ All things are ready ”—Tho’ your sins  
 Are more than you can tell,  
 The blood of Jesus can cleanse them *all*,\*  
 And the storm of conscience quell.

“ All things are ready ”—“ Now ”†—“ to-day ”||  
 God calls you by His grace :  
 O turn not away from His offer’d love,  
 But seek even *now* His face.

\* 1 John, i. 7.    † 2 Cor. vi. 2.    || Heb. iii. 7, 8.

“I AM POOR AND NEEDY, YET THE LORD  
THINKETH UPON ME.”—PSALM XL. 17.

O God ! whom Heaven with one accord,  
Owns as it's everlasting Lord,  
What wondrous love it is in Thee,  
That Thou dost deign to think on me !

Whene'er by sin I am distress'd,  
And feel by Satan's power oppress'd,  
Let this my soul's sure refuge be,  
My God and Saviour thinks on me.

If tried by sickness and by pain,  
Or weakness, which unnerves the frame,  
To Thee for comfort may I flee,  
For Thou dost ever think of me.

And when with lov'd ones call'd to part,  
And sorrow fills my aching heart,  
Oh, let this thought my solace be,  
My Saviour lives and thinks on me.

When Thou art pleased Thy face to hide,  
And I in darkness long abide,  
Help me e'en then to cling to Thee,  
Assured Thou still dost think of me.

And when the hour of death is near,  
This thought my sinking heart shall cheer ;  
And my eternal song shall be,  
My God doth ever think of me.

“HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.”

MARK VII. 37.

ALL, all is right, and must be so,  
 Since God appoints my lot;  
 Each trial comes direct from Him,  
 Whose mercy changeth not.

Tho' dark the cloud that overhangs,  
 And long and drear the way,  
 Thro' which my Lord is leading me,  
 To realms of endless day ;

Yet *'tis the way*, and not *the end*,  
 And who that loved his home,  
 Would stay one moment on the road,  
 Its roughness to bemoan ?

Nay ! rather to his look'd for rest,  
 With joy he'd haste along,  
 Cheering his ofttimes rugged path,  
 With some sweet native song.

And shall a Christian on the way  
 To Home, to Heaven, to God,  
 Be aught than full of holy joy,  
 Though thorny be his road ?



O! surely not! his heart should sing,  
 In spite of every grief,  
 He's going where all sin shall cease,  
 All sorrows find relief.

Then courage! soon the end will come  
 Of everlasting rest,  
 When we shall all our woes forget,  
 Of perfect bliss possess.

---

“IT IS THE LORD, LET HIM DO WHAT  
 SEEMETH HIM GOOD.”

1 SAMUEL, III. 18.

OH! for that grace which shone so bright,  
 In Eli's soul of old,  
 When Samuel, sent of God, to him  
 The future dread foretold.

He did not murmur when he heard  
 That both his sons must die;  
 No fretful word escaped his lips,  
 No unsubmitive cry.

Meekly he bow'd his aged head,  
 White with the snow of years,  
 And while the bitter tale of woe,  
 Still linger'd in his ears,



“It is the Lord!” he calmly said,  
 All therefore must be right;  
 Still let Him do what seemeth best  
 To His all-searching sight.

Lord! grant me ever to possess,  
 That holy, placid frame,  
 Which whether Thou dost give or take,  
 Will still adore Thy Name.

---

“AS MANY AS I LOVE, I REBUKE AND  
 CHASTEN.”—REV. III. 19.

O HEAVENLY FATHER! who hath on me laid,  
 In loving faithfulness, Thy chastening rod,  
 Teach me to praise Thee for each painful stroke,  
 Which calls me nearer unto Thee, my God.

Oh! were it not for discipline severe,  
 But little should I know what dwells within,  
 'Tis in the furnace that the dross appears,  
 Afflictions stir the hidden depths of sin.

Then, O how precious does that blood become,  
 Which tells of pardon, full, and sure, and free,  
 To every weary, heavy-laden soul  
 Who shall to Jesus for salvation flee.

And when the heart is wrung with deep distress,  
 Too deep for utterance in a mortal ear,  
 How sweet to turn to that unfailing Friend,  
 Who "knows our sorrows," and is ever near !

Oh, then indeed His loveliness we learn,  
 When earth is stript of it's most cherish'd ties ;  
 And when we find no resting place on earth,  
 Our home above we then more dearly prize.

Each trial is for our sure profit sent,  
 That we may of His holiness partake,  
 Whose perfect likeness we shall fully share  
 When at His coming we from death shall wake.

*Then* we shall *see*, as now by faith we know,  
 That love, unmingled love, each cross ordain'd,  
 Which tho' so grievous now, will light appear,  
 When once that weight of glory is attain'd.

---

" WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT, BUT JOY  
 COMETH IN THE MORNING."—Ps. xxx. 5.

YES ! weeping may endure a while  
 Till night's dark shadows flee,  
 But soon the glorious morn will rise,  
 And then from sorrow free,  
 The children of the day shall rise  
 All beautiful and fair,  
 And everlasting joy dispel  
 The trace of every tear.

How long the hours of night appear,  
 How slow they pass away,  
 When sleepless on our beds we lie,  
 And weary for the day ;  
 Thus tedious do the moments seem  
 While in this world we stay,  
 And watch with longing eyes to see,  
 The dawn of endless day.

But soon the first faint streaks of morn,  
 Shall cheer our aching sight,  
 Soon the bright Sun of Righteousness,  
 Shall rise and give us light ;  
 And ne'er again one passing cloud,  
 Shall cross our summer skies,  
 No wintry storms shall reach us there,  
 No tempests there arise.



“THOU ART MY HIDING PLACE.”

PSALM XXXII. 7.

THOU art my Hiding-place, O Lord,  
 Within Thy lov'd embrace,  
 My soul reposeth, safe from harm,  
 Encompass'd by Thy grace ;  
 No foe can touch my soul while I  
 Am watch'd by Thine unslumbering eye.

What tho' the storms of life prevail,  
 And clouds o'ercast my sky,  
 What though the mighty waters roll,  
 And lift their voice on high,  
 Their foaming waves I calmly see,  
 For Thou my Saviour art with me.

O guide me ever with Thine eye,  
 Nor let me wayward be,  
 But gladly follow wheresoe'er  
 Thy wisdom leadeth me ;  
 Mercy and truth are all Thy ways,  
 To him who Thy blest will obeys.

Teach me thro' sorrow or thro' joy,  
 Still in Thee to abide,  
 And ever in Thy faithful care,  
 With childlike trust confide,  
 Until life's stormy voyage past,  
 I rest on Canaan's shore at last.

---

### A SERVANT'S PRAYER.

LORD JESUS, who when here below  
 A servant's form didst wear,  
 Bow down in mercy from Thy throne,  
 And hear a servant's prayer.

Give me a new and contrite heart,  
 And in Thy precious blood  
 O wash my scarlet sins away,  
 And "think on me for good."

May I with "singleness of heart,"  
 And "with good-will," obey  
 Those whom Thy hand hath placed o'er me,  
 And hearty service pay ;

Seeking in all I do to serve  
 My Master in the sky,  
 "Knowing" I shall receive from Him  
 An heritage on high.

May I, "in all things," Lord, "adorn"  
 Thy "doctrine" by my life ;  
 Preserve me from temptation's power,  
 And envy's bitter strife.

O Holy Spirit, guard my soul  
 From vanity and sin,  
 Teach me Thy blessed word to love,  
 And write Thy laws within.

Each morning may I humbly seek  
 Thy grace in earnest prayer,  
 And ere I sleep each night commit  
 My soul into Thy care.

If by Thy providence removed  
 From those I hold most dear,  
 O Saviour, deign to be my Friend,  
 And be Thou ever near.

Then, when my work on earth is o'er,  
 Take me to dwell with Thee,  
 Within Thy temple day and night,  
 Thy servant, Lord, to be.

## REVELATIONS XXII. 3—5.

OH ! who can tell the bliss of Heaven,  
 That land so fair and bright,  
 Where God Himself doth live and reign,  
 Its everlasting Light ?  
 Who can its dazzling glories paint,  
 Its streets of gold like glass,  
 Through which the myriads of the blest,  
 In flowing raiment pass ?

No curse is there, but God's own throne  
 Is in it placed on high,  
 And in that throne the Lamb once slain  
 Our thankful hearts descry ;  
 Jesus, our Brother reigns above !  
 Loud hallelujahs sing !  
 Jesus our Brother is our Lord !  
 And Heaven's exalted King !

His servants then shall serve Him—here  
 This is their constant aim,  
 But all their purest service now,  
 Does not deserve the name ;  
 But then their longing heart's desire  
 Shall be fulfilled indeed ;  
 A fitting service they shall yield,  
 From sin *completely* freed.

And they shall see His blessed face,  
 That face once marr'd for them,  
 Crown'd not as then with cruel thorns,  
 But with Heaven's diadem ;  
 And on their foreheads, pure as His,  
 His name shall be engrav'd,  
 And all shall own that they are His,  
 By His own merits saved.

No night is there—for God Himself  
 Shall be their glorious Sun,  
 A Sun whose splendour ne'er shall set,  
 While endless ages run ;  
 The gates of pearl shall open stand  
 All thro' that nightless day,  
 While ransom'd nations press within,  
 And joyful homage pay.

Within those walls of radiant light,  
 No sinner e'er may stand,  
 Save those redeem'd by Jesus' blood,  
 A call'd and chosen band.  
 Oh, wash me, Saviour ! from my sins,  
 Clothe me in spotless white,  
 So shall my pardon'd soul be meet,  
 To dwell with saints in light.

---

“ THINGS NOT SEEN.”

ALL, all beyond is bright,  
     'Tis but “ a little while,”  
 And then Eternal light  
     Will cheer us with it's smile.

All, all beyond is sure ;  
     Earth's pleasures pass away,  
 The joys of heaven endure,  
     Thro' never ending day.

All, all beyond is peace,  
     *Here* we no rest may find,  
 But *there* our conflicts cease,  
     All foes are left behind.

All, all beyond is pure,  
     Sin ne'er shall enter there ;  
 No tempter shall allure,  
     Or spread the fatal snare.

All, all beyond is love ;  
     Strife and dissension o'er,  
 The happy hosts above  
     Are *one* for evermore.



All, all beyond is bliss,  
 Which words can ne'er declare ;  
 Who in a world like this  
 Can picture aught so fair ?

And all that bliss is mine,  
 For Jesus died for me,  
 And I am one with Him  
 Throughout Eternity !

---

# ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.\*

JOHN XVI. 32.

I stood beside a dying youth,  
 And watch'd his struggling breath,  
 Each moment thinking it would cease,  
 And he would sink in death ;  
 No friend was by to soothe his pain,  
 To hear his latest sigh,  
 Deserted by his kindred, he  
 Was left alone to die.

Oh ! why was he forsaken thus,  
 In that o'erwhelming hour,  
 When heart and flesh alike give way  
 Before death's cruel power ?  
 Ah ! they who should have watch'd his bed,  
*Fear'd* to behold him die,  
 Trembling his anguish to behold  
 His mortal agony.

\* A True Incident.

I mark'd him as he gasping lay,  
 Unconscious I was by,  
 And sadly thought upon his lot,  
 So friendless left to die;  
 And still more sadly of his friends,  
 Who knew not Jesu's power,  
 Peace, joy, yea, "victory" to give,  
 E'en in that dreaded hour.

But while such musings fill'd my mind,  
 He rais'd his dying gaze,  
 And while a smile of heavenly bliss  
 Lit up his pallid face,  
 "My Jesus!"—were the words which met  
 My deeply thankful ear;  
 What words more precious could he speak,  
 Or I more gladly hear?

"My Jesus!"—is that Saviour *thine*?  
 Then thou art not alone,  
 Tho' every human friend forsake,  
 Each earthly prop be gone;  
 Jesus, *thy* Jesus, is with thee,  
*He* tends thy dying bed,  
 And on His heart of tend'rest love,  
 Pillows thy sinking head.

Oh! that with thee we all might know  
 That Saviour as our own!  
 Then tho' of all on earth bereft,  
 We shall not be alone;

Thro' life He will our Guardian be,  
 Our never-failing Friend,  
 For those whom Jesus loveth once,  
 He loves unto the end.

Lord ! touch our hearts by Thine own grace,  
 Thy Holy Spirit give,  
 Wash us in Thine atoning blood,  
 That we may henceforth live,  
 As pilgrims hastening to a home  
 Of everlasting rest,  
 Where pain and death can never come,  
 Nor sin our peace molest.

---

“NAY, IN ALL THESE THINGS WE ARE MORE  
 THAN CONQUERORS, THROUGH HIM THAT LOVED  
 US.”—ROM. VIII. 37.

WHEN all within is dark and drear,  
 And long and weary seems the way ;  
 When Satan, with his hosts, draws near,  
 Seeking to claim us as his prey ;  
 When waves of trouble o'er us roll,  
 And sore temptations press the soul ;

Oh, in that day of gloom and grief,  
 Where shall our trembling spirits turn ?  
 Where shall our sorrows find relief,  
 And our bow'd hearts forget to mourn ?  
 Who can the powers of hell restrain,  
 And turn our losses into gain ?

Jesus ! to Thee alone we cling,  
 Our changeless and Almighty Friend,  
 Thro' every trial Thou wilt bring,  
 The souls that on Thine arm depend ;  
 In all our conflicts we shall be  
 E'en "more than conquerors" thro' Thee.

Do Thou our feeble faith revive,  
 Our sinking courage, Lord, sustain ;  
 To Thee each moment may we live,  
 Nor let us shrink from grief or pain,  
 But with submissive patience tread  
 The path appointed by our Head.

Let things eternal seem so near,  
 So *real* to our mental sight,  
 That life's deep sorrows may appear,  
 Compar'd with them, both short and light ;  
 And ever, Heavenly Father, deign,  
 In us to glorify Thy name.

---

## FOR A DYING BELIEVER.

“THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW  
OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL; FOR THOU ART WITH ME;  
THY ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COMFORT ME.”—Ps. XXIII. 4.

O HEAVENLY Father ! now behold Thy child,  
Laid low upon a sick and suffering bed,  
And gently lift the veil which hides that world  
Towards which, with weary, painful steps I tread.

Show me by faith the glories that await  
My happy spirit when from earth set free,  
And help me so to keep that end in view,  
That the rough way may smoothed and softened be.

O fix my eye upon that “crown of life,”  
Which soon Thine hand shall place upon my head ;  
And let the radiance of Thy loving smile,  
Like Heaven’s own sunshine, round my soul be shed.

Be Thou my strength when heart and flesh shall fail,  
And bear me *gently* to my home above,  
Where I shall see my Saviour face to face,  
And rest for ever in Thine arms of Love.

---

"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND  
ARE HEAVY-LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

MATT. XI. 28.

O GOD, before Thy heavenly throne,  
A sinful worm, I kneel,  
O take away this heart of stone,  
Give me Thy love to feel.

Too long I've lived a life of sin,  
A wretched wanderer still ;  
Too long the slave of Satan been,  
Led captive at his will.

But since I've heard of Jesu's love,  
So great, so full, so free,  
Which brought Him down from heaven above,  
For sinners such as me ;—

Since I have heard the wondrous news,  
That Christ for sinners died,  
I can no more such love refuse,  
Or from such mercy hide.

But oh ! I want Thy grace within,  
Thro' every passing hour,  
To save me from the guilt of sin,  
And break it's mighty power.

I want to *know* that I'm forgiven,  
That Jesus Christ is *mine*,  
That He will bring me safe to Heaven,  
With Him in bliss to shine.

O God ! in mercy, wash me now,  
In Jesu's precious blood,  
And I shall " whiter " be " than snow,"  
Bath'd in that cleansing flood.

And fill this darken'd heart of mine,  
With Thine own Spirit's light,  
That I may henceforth, Lord, be Thine,  
And serve Thee with my might.

And when the hour of death shall come,  
Then, Saviour ! be with me,  
And bear me to that Heavenly home,  
Where I Thy face shall see.



## SLEEPING IN JESUS.

1 THESS. IV. 14.

SWEETLY art thou sleeping,  
     Low beneath the ground,  
 Peacefully reclining  
     Till the trumpet sound ;  
 Till the voice of Jesus,  
     Wake thee from the tomb,  
 And His bright sunrising,  
     Chase the grave's dark gloom.

Softly art thou pillow'd,  
     All thy labours o'er,  
 Deep and calm thy slumbers,  
     Disturb'd by sin no more—  
 Jesus watches o'er thee  
     With unwearying care,  
 And He soon will raise thee  
     All His bliss to share.

Present with thy Saviour,  
     Joys, all thought above,  
 Fill thy happy spirit,  
     In that home of love,  
 Where in peace thou waitest,  
     For that solemn day,  
 Which to countless myriads  
     His glory shall display—



E'en thy dust is precious  
 In thy Saviour's sight,  
 For it soon shall mirror,  
 His own image bright.  
 Then all griefs forgotten  
 We shall meet again,  
 And in bliss unclouded  
 With our Lord shall reign.

---

“HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM.”

REV. XXII. 3.

YES! we shall serve Him *then!* and not as now  
 In weakness, sorrow, worst of all in sin;  
 Our hearts with perfect, heavenly love shall glow,  
 And spotless we shall be without, within.

Here our best services with guilt are marr'd,  
 We leave on all sin's dark, defiling stain;  
 And oft we mourn beneath the bondage hard,  
 Which Satan strives to force on us again.

Our holiest prayers—alas! how vile they are!  
 How full of unbelief and earthly thought:  
 How oft our minds are wandering afar,  
 While with our lips God's richest gifts are sought.

Our praises—Ah ! they too are all defil'd ;  
 Our deepest thankfulness how faint and cold !  
 While all we do with selfish aims is soil'd,  
 And every day and hour fresh sins unfold.

Our love to God—unworthy of the name !  
 How seldom do our hearts towards Jesus burn !  
 While earthly trifles our affections claim,  
 And from our God our faithless spirits turn.

The holiest saint with grief and shame will own  
 The deep impurity which dwells within,  
 And oft in secret heave the anguish'd groan  
 Beneath the pressure e'en of *pardon'd* sin.

But swiftly comes the glad, the glorious day,  
 When from the curse, and all its woes released,  
 The faintest trace of sin shall pass away,  
 And all our griefs shall have for ever ceased.

Then in a robe of spotless white array'd,  
 A crown of gold upon our stainless brow,  
 Like to our Lord in soul and body made,  
 With joy unspeakable our hearts shall glow.

No imperfection *then*—no weakness *there*—  
 Immortal vigour ! and Eternal life !  
 Life which no deadly fruits of sin shall bear,  
 And peace unbroken by one breath of strife.

Such is the glory which draws on apace !

Soon we shall rest in our Beloved's arms !  
And gaze for ever on His lovely face,  
Safe from all that which now our spirit harms.

O ! may this hope our fainting hearts sustain,  
While toiling onward to our home above ; —  
Soon shall we leave all sorrow, sin, and pain,  
And reign with Jesus in the realms of love !

---

### HYMN FOR A NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year is gone ! how swift  
Time's rapid onward flight !  
Days, weeks, and months roll quickly past,  
And disappear from sight !

And still as nearer we approach  
The close of life's short day,  
More rapidly the shadows fall  
Upon our darken'd way.

O that we all may pause and ask  
With contrite, lowly fear,  
What record will our bye-gone days  
To God's tribunal bear ?

Is Christ our only hope and trust ?  
 His cross our single plea ?  
 And has His Spirit taught our hearts  
 All sin to hate and flee ?

Whom have we sought to love and serve ?  
 Whose followers have we been ?  
 What fruits of holiness and peace  
 Have in our lives been seen ?

And for the mercies God bestows,  
 With such unsparing hand,  
 Have we the gratitude display'd  
 These countless gifts demand ?

And have His chastenings severe,—  
 Those proofs of faithful love,  
 Wean'd our affections from this world,  
 And drawn our hearts above ?

Great God ! Thy Spirit now send forth,  
 Convince us all of sin,  
 And by Thy love's constraining power,  
 Our hearts to Jesus win.

Forgive the past with all its guilt ;  
 Thy mighty grace afford,  
 That henceforth we may seek Thy praise,  
 In thought, and deed, and word.

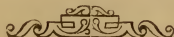
And resting in Thy faithful care,  
 May we with trustful heart,  
 Go forth to meet the joy or woe,  
 Thy wisdom shall impart.

No evil can our souls befall,  
 If we are only Thine ;  
 Thy presence makes the darkest cloud  
 With rays of glory shine.

Whate'er in this untrodden year  
 May yet unfolded lie,  
 Let it be "Christ" to us "to live;"—  
 'Twill then be "gain" to die.

So shall we well prepared be  
 For all our God may send ;  
 His peace shall keep our hearts and minds,  
 His grace our steps attend.

And soon our years of conflict o'er,  
 Our joyful souls shall rise,  
 Our God and Saviour to adore  
 For ever in the skies !



## HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

ALL hail ! Redeemer of mankind !  
 Victor o'er death and hell !  
 Who this day hath burst the grave's strong bands,  
 And crush'd the tyrant fell  
 Who thought to have bruis'd Thy sacred head,  
 When Thou wast number'd with the dead.

All hail to Thee ! who in our stead  
 The curse of God wast made ;  
 Who our debt assum'd, and by Thy death  
 The utmost farthing paid ;  
 And art ris'n again our cause to plead,  
 And minister to all our need.

All hail to Thee at God's right hand,  
 Our Elder Brother Thou !  
 Before whom th' angelic hosts of heaven,  
 In adoration bow !  
 While still deeper notes of praise arise  
 From blood-bought myriads of the skies.

All hail ! Thou mighty glorious Lord !  
 All hail ! Thou Prince of Peace !  
 Thy kingdom shall spread from shore to shore,  
 Thy triumphs never cease.  
 All hail to Thee our nature wearing,  
 And yet, as God, all worlds upbearing !

“WHEREFORE DO YE SPEND MONEY FOR THAT WHICH IS NOT BREAD? AND YOUR LABOUR FOR THAT WHICH SATISFIETH NOT? HEARKEN DILIGENTLY UNTO ME, AND EAT YE THAT WHICH IS GOOD, AND LET YOUR SOUL DELIGHT ITSELF IN FATNESS.”—ISAIAH LV. 2.

ART thou mournful and desponding?  
Hast thou now at last perceived,  
What a hollow world thou liv'st in,  
How by it thou wert deceived?

Art thou bitterly repenting,  
That thou didst not sooner choose,  
Pleasures which would ne'er forsake thee,  
Happiness thou could'st not lose?

Be not so cast down and hopeless;  
Still God waiteth to bestow\*  
All the blessings thou requirest;—  
Freely thro' His Son they flow.

Only cast aside thy merits,  
“Filthy rags”† they are at best;  
As a *sinner* || Christ will save thee,  
Bid thee welcome as His guest.

\* Isaiah xxx. 18.    † Isaiah lxiv. 6.    || Luke v. 32.

Dost thou think He'll ne'er receive thee,  
 When thou hast so long forgot  
 Him, thy Master, and thy Saviour ?  
 Yet He'll hear thee\*—doubt it not !

In His precious blood He'll wash thee  
 From each stain and mark of sin,  
 In His righteousness will clothe thee,  
 And His Spirit put within.

*Then* thy heart shall know true pleasure,†  
 Which shall never pass away,  
 In thy Saviour richer treasures  
 Thou shalt find from day to day.

God, while just,‡ can justify thee,  
 If thy faith on Christ is stay'd ;  
 But no mercy can He show thee, §  
 Unless thy sins on Him are laid.

Haste, thee then, poor pilgrim, haste thee,  
 Linger not one moment more,  
 Jesus gladly will receive thee ;  
 Knock at mercy's open door.

So thine evening shall be brighter  
 Than the morning of thy days ;  
 Earth shall lose it's power to harass, ||  
 And thy joyful work be praise.

\* John vi. 37.    † Prov. iii. 17.    ‡ Rom. iii. 24—26.

§ Acts iv. 12.    || Isaiah xxvi. 3.



“BE SURETY FOR THY SERVANT FOR GOOD.”

PSALM CXIX. 122.

Be Surety, O my Lord, for me,  
 My cause now undertake,  
 For all my hopes are fix'd on Thee,  
 And ne'er wilt Thou forsake  
 The sinner who on Thee relies,  
 And to Thy cross for refuge flies.

Nought have I, Lord, to plead but sin,  
 Without Thee I am lost,  
 But Thou my Substitute hast been,  
 And paid the fearful cost,  
 By which alone my soul could be  
 Restor'd to holiness and Thee.

Instead of me, Thy soul was made  
 The curse of God for sin,  
 And Thou whose word all Heaven obey'd,  
 Becam'st my next of kin,  
 My soul's redemption to secure,  
 And all I merited endure.

And now Thy faithful word is given  
 To crown Thy work in me,  
 And safely bring me home to Heaven,  
 Thy glorious face to see,  
 And with Thy ransom'd saints adore,  
 The Lamb once slain, for evermore !

## HYMN FOR A JUVENILE MISSIONARY TREE.

AROUND our Missionary Tree,  
 A glad and youthful band,  
 We join to raise our hymn of praise  
 To Him, whose gracious hand  
 Hath bless'd us from our earliest days,  
 With knowledge of salvation's ways.

We'll praise Him that our lot is cast  
 On England's happy shore,  
 Where we may freely read His word,  
 And the true God adore,  
 And as each Sabbath day comes round,  
 May hear the Gospel's joyful sound.

And shall not we, thus richly bless'd,  
 Be willing to extend,  
 The story of redeeming grace,  
 To earth's remotest end?  
 And to each heathen land make known,  
 The God who reigns in heaven alone?

Thousands of children ne'er have heard  
 Of Jesus' dying love,  
 But, sunk in ignorance and vice,  
 In error's paths they rove;  
 And shall we idly let them die,  
 Nor offer to their help to fly?

O no ! thro' Afric's burning plains,  
 And China's open'd door,  
 To India's bright and sunny land,  
 And Greenland's frozen shore,—  
 To East, and West, and South, and North,  
 We'll send the glorious tidings forth.

Lord ! by Thy Spirit touch our hearts,  
 That we may freely yield  
 Ourselves, our time, our strength, our all,  
 To spread thro' earth's vast field,  
 The blessed news that Jesus gave  
 Himself, our ruin'd souls to save !

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“THIS GOD IS OUR GOD FOR EVER AND EVER: HE  
 WILL BE OUR GUIDE EVEN UNTO DEATH.”—PSALM

XLVIII. 14; AND COMPARE NUMBERS IX. 15—23.

As Israel's journeyings of old  
 Were guided by the cloud,  
 By day providing grateful shade,  
 By night a fiery shroud ;  
 And as it moved, or tarried, they  
 Moved too, or tarried still,  
 Seeing in it's mysterious course,  
 An index of God's will :—

So may the Christian, taught of God,  
 And guided from above,  
 His path discern thro' this dark world,  
 In which his footsteps rove ;  
 Th' unerring providence of God,  
 View'd by His word's own light,  
 Will lead him still in safety on,  
 E'en in the gloomiest night.

When God would have him rest awhile,  
 And in his tent abide,  
 Gladly he bows to the behest  
 Of his omniscient Guide ;  
 But when the pillar onward moves,  
 Obedient he departs,  
 To face the desert's toils once more,  
 Nor from it's hardships starts.

He is not left to shape his course,  
 By his own power or skill,  
 Relying simply on his God,  
 His God is with him still,  
 And has His faithful promise pass'd,  
 To be his constant Guide,  
 Until the Jordan safely cross'd,  
 He land on Canaan's side.

Then, wherefore should the christian yield  
 To heart-corroding fear,  
 When *such* a Hand is leading him ?  
 When *such* a Friend is near ?

Rather in peace he may commit  
 To God each anxious thought,  
 Assur'd that thro' each dangerous path  
 He shall be safely brought.

Then as the Israelites of old,  
 Their hymns of triumph raised,  
 As on the promis'd land, now their's,  
 With glistening eyes they gazed ;  
 So when the toil-worn Christian comes  
 To his lov'd home in peace,  
 O with what rapturous joy he'll raise  
 Praises which ne'er shall cease !

No need of guiding pillar then !  
 His footsteps ne'er can stray,  
 The Lamb Himself shall lead him forth,  
 Where living fountains play—  
 In pastures of unfading green  
 How calmly shall he rest,  
 His every longing satisfied,  
 For ever fully blest !



“AT THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY KNEE  
SHOULD BOW.”—PHIL. II. 10.

For ever blessed be Thy name,  
Jesus, my Lord and King !  
To Thee with humble thankfulness,  
I will my praises bring !

Be Thou exalted far above  
All glory, power, and might ;  
Let saints on earth unite their song,  
With all the saints in light.

The ransomed ones around Thy throne,  
Their crowns before Thee cast,  
And joyful Hallelujahs raise,  
While endless ages last.

And we, while waiting here on earth,  
To join that countless throng,  
Will seek to learn some few sweet notes,  
Of their immortal song.

Our stammering lips we will employ,  
To tell of Jesu's love,  
Ere long we hope to sound it forth  
Within the courts above.

Then what o'erflowing praise and joy,  
Shall all our hearts pervade,  
When we the Lamb once slain, shall see  
With matchless power array'd !

When we with Him shall be enthron'd  
 In everlasting bliss,  
 Our ceaseless glad employ to sound  
 Love's fathomless abyss.

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“THOU ART MY PORTION, O LORD.”

PSALM CXIX. 57.

How rich a treasury of grace  
 In Jesus Christ I find !  
 Wisdom, and love, and truth, and might,  
 In Him are all combin'd.

Whate'er my thirsting spirit craves,  
 His fulness will supply,  
 His gracious ear is ever swift  
 To hear my faintest cry.

To Him I ne'er can come in vain,  
 How deep soe'er my need ;  
 He freely gives me all, and more  
 Than that for which I plead.

Whate'er He has, His loving heart  
 Is ready to bestow,  
 On all who simply trust in Him,  
 And to His guidance bow.

But best of all, He, He Himself,  
 His children's portion is !  
 And thro' eternal years of joy,  
 He'll own them still as *His* !

“PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU, MY PEACE I GIVE  
UNTO YOU: NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH, GIVE  
I UNTO YOU. LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED,  
NEITHER LET IT BE AFRAID.”—JOHN XIV. 27.

WOULD’ST thou the secret know of peace  
Beyond man’s power to comprehend,  
Which still remains untouch’d, unhurt,  
Though earth’s deep woes thy heart may rend?—

A peace which fills the soul with calm,  
When all around is dark and drear;  
Which lightens life’s harassing toils,  
And sweetly soothes each care and fear?

A peace no mortal can bestow,  
No mortal hand can take away,  
Which will thy pillow smooth by night,  
And keep thee tranquil all the day?

O, if such peace thou would’st possess,  
Hearken to thy Redeemer’s voice,  
Come unto Him—He’ll give thee rest,  
And bid thy inmost heart rejoice.

On Him thy sole dependance place,  
Take Him for Saviour, Master, Lord;  
And seek His Holy Spirit’s aid,  
To keep obediently His word.



But more than this—make Him thy *Friend*,  
 The sharer of thy every thought ;  
 Thy joys He'll sanctify and crown,  
 And make thy griefs with blessing fraught.

No earthly tongue can half describe  
 His sympathy and tender love,  
 The ceaseless watchfulness and care,  
 With which He guards thee from above.

He never wearies while we tell  
 Our mournful tale of sin and woe,  
 Nay—He invites us to outpour  
 The grief which lays our spirits low.

He never changes—never dies—  
 He knows no lack of power or skill ;  
 His smile illumines the darkest cloud,  
 His presence every blank can fill.

O make this glorious One thy Friend,  
*Then* shalt thou know deep, solid peace,  
 Which earth's sore trials cannot touch,  
 And which shall never, never cease.



“BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE  
LORD.”—REV. XIV. 13.

“IT IS SOWN IN CORRUPTION ; IT IS RAISED IN  
INCORRUPTION : IT IS SOWN IN DISHONOUR ; IT  
IS RAISED IN GLORY : IT IS SOWN IN WEAKNESS ;  
IT IS RAISED IN POWER : IT IS SOWN A NATURAL  
BODY ; IT IS RAISED A SPIRITUAL BODY.”

1 COR. XV. 42, 43, 44.

How tranquil the repose of those  
Who sleep in Christ their Lord,  
The softest couch which man can spread,  
Can no such rest afford.

A deep, unbroken, quiet rest,  
From feverish fancies free ;  
Gentler than infant's slumbers are,  
Their last long sleep shall be.

But oh, how glorious will be  
That long'd for, blissful hour,  
When these poor frames in weakness sown,  
Shall rise again in power.

The fitting habitations made,  
Of souls from sin set free,  
Ready their dictates to obey  
With glad alacrity.

No weariness shall hinder then,  
The service that we love,  
No suffering weigh our spirits down,  
When they would mount above.

All, all such hindrances shall be  
 For ever wholly gone,  
 And whatsoe'er our Saviour wills,  
 Shall eagerly be done.

Haste then that day, when all who now  
 Their fetter'd state bemoan,  
 Shall stand, for God's high service fit,  
 Faultless before His throne.

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“BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL, AND ALL THAT  
 IS WITHIN ME, BLESS HIS HOLY NAME. BLESS  
 THE LORD, O MY SOUL, AND FORGET NOT ALL  
 HIS BENEFITS. WHO FORGIVETH ALL THINE IN-  
 IQUITIES, WHO HEALETH ALL THY DISEASES. WHO  
 REDEEMETH THY LIFE FROM DESTRUCTION ; WHO  
 CROWNETH THEE WITH LOVINGKINDNESS AND  
 TENDER MERCIES. WHO SATISFIETH THY MOUTH  
 WITH GOOD THINGS, SO THAT THY YOUTH IS  
 RENEWED LIKE THE EAGLE'S.”—PSALM CIII. 1—5.

Bless thou the Lord, my soul, and raise  
 To Him thy grateful song of praise,  
 Bless Him for all His love to thee,  
 For mercies countless, rich, and free.

He gladly pardons all thy sin,  
 And breathes a heavenly calm within ;  
 And soon from every sickness free,  
 In soul and body thou shalt be.

While from destruction's power secure,  
 Thro' His redemption strong and sure,  
 His lovingkindness crowns thy head,  
 And tender mercies round are shed.

Thy mouth with good things He doth fill,  
 So that thy youth is vigorous still,  
 E'en as the eagle's strength renew'd,  
 And with fresh grace from Heav'n endued.

Bless Him for all the hourly love,  
 Gently distilling from above,  
 Which fills thy soul with deepest rest,  
 Amidst this dreary world's unrest.

Bless Him for hopes of coming peace,  
 When all thy griefs and pains shall cease ;  
 Bless Him that soon His face thou'lt see,  
 And like Him evermore shalt be.

Bless thou the Lord, my soul, and raise  
 To Him thy grateful song of praise,  
 O deeply in thy heart record,  
 The unnumber'd mercies of thy Lord.



## GOING HOME.\*

“ GOING home,” and going quickly !

It's a thought to cheer the heart ;  
Should we suffer, be it meekly ;

Soon the world and we must part,  
Never more to meet again.

There's an end of suffering then,  
There's an end of all that grieves us :  
How the hope of this relieves us !

“ Going home,” how sweet, how cheering !

Going to the place we love,  
There in royal state appearing  
    'Midst the shining hosts above ;  
There *our Father* dwells and reigns,  
Greater He than fancy feigns ;  
There His people live for ever,  
Their's a portion failing never !

“ Going home !” there's nothing dearer

To the pilgrim's heart than “ *home* ;”  
Drawing nearer still, and nearer

To the place where pilgrims come :  
Much he thinks of what will be,  
Much of what he hopes to see ;  
Thinks of kindred, friends, and brothers,  
But of Christ above all others.

\* The above is the Hymn alluded to at Page 20.

'Tis the blessed hope of seeing  
 Him he loves, in glory there !  
 Blessed hope of ever being  
 With the Lord His joys to share ;  
 'Tis this hope that lightens toil,  
 And in sorrow makes him smile,  
 Cheers him in the midst of strangers,  
 Keeps him, when beset with dangers.

“ Going home,” then it behoves us,  
 Here to live as pilgrims do ;  
 When the trial comes, it proves us,  
 Proves if we have faith or no.  
 Let us make our calling sure,  
 Let us to the end endure,  
 In the Saviour’s love abiding,  
 In the Saviour’s *strength* confiding !











